This is the anniversary of the birth, in 1767, of Andrew Jackson, hero of the battle of New Orleans, and seventh President. Jackson was one of the most forceful men of his time.

# The Washington Times Magazine Page

Hungary announces an issue of currency to be printed on leather. Pigskin is the chosen material, which is said to be hard to counterfeit, owing to the presence of the tiny rectangular clusters of small holes where the bristles grew.

# PROXIES: A Vivid Romance

DOUBLE REGENERATION By Frank R. Adams.

been nonpulsed by this ques-tion. Before he answered

Homer broke in:
"Mr. Darley didn't know him and we didn't know him because he had we didn't know him because he had his hat pulled over his eyes, and besides he had on a uniform."
"I see," said Linfon, with a look that meant he didn't believe them.
"Here, you fellows, chase through the house and see if this pair are

hiding anywhere."
He waited till his subordinates were on their way and again turned

his attention to the owner of the "As I figure this thing up you're

not crazy for an investigation, are you?"
"If there's anything to investigate I'm in for it," said Darley,
"but for the life of me I can't see

"You admit the butler, Mendoza, was a crook." "No. I don't! Crooks don't usually return their loot, do they?"
"Ordinarily, no; but circumstances here were different. This crook

wasn't looking for jewels; he was looking for something else." You know more about it than I do." said Darley. I only known what Stover told

"Well, if you know that, my re-mark holds good," Darley protested. "Here's a chap," went on Linton,
"who's been in jail; he sees Stover, the old warden, in this house and he says to himself, 'I'll get even with him.' He's got it figured out that Stover has a paper that's valuable. So he lays a plan to get this paper and make it appear like an incident in the big scheme. I guess

you get me, Mr. Darley?
"All right Stover wants the paper back. He won't tell me what was on it, but he wants it. Sud-denly this fellow, Peter, disappears with the girl and the policemen are coled to the king's taste. I'm going to get this fellow. I'm going to get him for holding up your guests and for impersonating an officer. Do you get that?" FAITH IN DARLEY.

"You'll worm no accusation out of me," said Darley, "nor out of anyone in this room." Linton raised his voice. That's what I wanted to know. It tells me a lot. Now, Mr. Darley.

let me put you a question. How much did you pay Mr. Mendoza to pull off this stunt?"

Darley had difficulty in restraining his anger. "I understand you're from out of town, Mr. Linton," he said coldly. "You'd better go back from, wherever you came; you can't start too soon. There's the

Linton was not a bit abashed. "T've heard that stuff before," he said. "I believe the thieves are in this house."

"Look through the house then, and hurry about it. I don't like your methods and I don't propose to stand for your manners."

During this unfortunate little aged to put a good many city blocks between Sergeant Linton and themselves. The young man was under no inusions. He felt that in spite of his good intentions, hold-up would be used against him by Stover, the one man whose enmity he would have preferred

to forego.

The proxy lay in ashes on the ballroom floor, but Peter's little scene had cost him a good place, had again raised the hand of the police against him and had made more difficult his resolve to run straight.

As for Clare she felt a greater love for Peter than ever. Deep in her heart she had hoped the holdwas only fair play, and when she discovered that not one of the valuables was to be retained, she realized that the old life was buried forever.

For if Peter could do this thing and then calmly give back such treasures, he could withstand any temptation. His road was her

"You didn't forget the little picture in your pocket?" she whis-pered while they waited for a train in a dark corner of the station.
"I never forget that." he answered. "Cheer up, Clare, it will all come out right in the end. I've got enough faith in Mr. Darley for

WORTHY OF HER.

But there was one other thing even nearer to Peter's heart than concern for his own safety, and that was Clare and her future. His former care-free attitude had changed. He wanted to be in a position to protect the woman he loved, and the only right way to do that was to ask her to marry

As the train rumbled along through the dark Peter lived over again the scenes that had preceded his prison sentence. All through his term Clare had remained faithful to him in deed and

R. DARLEY might well have + would be to show her that his been nonnulsed by this ques-There were few passengers in the car, and he had no difficulty Edith Livingston, a demobilised war worker, making her home in Washington with Grace and Bob Ellsworth, a young married couple, finds employment as secretary to Eustibo Alvares, a Mexican oil

stock promoter, in a dingy little office on a side street in the Na-

office on a side street in the National Capital.

He pays her much attention,
gives her a \$500 gold note, after
she has discovered him and a
Japanese studying a map, and
takes her to lunch.

The discovery her sweetheart,

sold, but she cannot guess when her mysterious employer's real

Her employer, prior paying her many compliments and herenting her to the utmost secrecy as to

what transpires in the office, ex-presses a desire to be introduced to her aweetheart, which amases

"Because I—er—" For the first time since I'd known him, Mr. Al-varez seemed embarrassed. "I just wondered about the young man—

"Oh, you know him?" The ques-

tion wasn't at all what I would have asked if I'd had time for

thought. But I was so taken by

surprise that it just came out.
"No, I don't know him," Mr. Al-

vares answered. "But I'd like to,

especially—"
"But it—I—there really isn't any

truth in it," I vociferated. I felt like my job was slipping away from

me, and I was doing my best to stay its progress. "Really, Mr. Al-

"We'd hate to lose you," he smiled so sweetly and good-naturedly that

I half expected him to add that

'I'm so used to you now." But he

other day-we hope you'll stay with

us, and feel that you're a part of

"I do take an interest in the business, Mr. Alvarez," I said. I

might have added I'd take an in-terest in most any old business for a five-hundred dollar gold lien

As I finished speaking, I rose and

started to leave. But Mr. Alvarez called me back as I neared the door.

"You, won't think it strange, will you, Edith," he said, "if I tell you that I'd like to meet this Mr. Saun-

MIXED SENSATION.

"Why, I-certainly not," I answered. The truth is I was quite a bit

flattered to think he should take

so much interest in one of my

friends—or I might say ex-friends. But I wasn't quite prepared for his next statement. It almost took the

know," he said, "I'd like to see just what kind of a man could win

his way into your good graces."
"Why, how funny!" I exclaimed.

lard and I are we've just known

Maryland

Cooking

wood Cook

(Clip them out and pasts them

Book.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

2 teaspoonfuls cornstarch. Cook in double boiler until thick-

ened to a custard. Line dish with sponge cake about half an inch

thick, and pour the custard in the

POMPADOUR PUDDING.

Scald 1 quart milk. Add:

3 tablespoonfuls cornstarch.

Cook until thick and flavor with

vanilla. Make a meringue of the

white of the eggs, two-thirds cup of

powdered sugar, and a square of

chocolate, melted. Put this me-

and place in the oven for a short

PUMPKIN PUDDING. qt. pumpkin, after it is stewed

lump butter size of an egg

Bake until spoon dipped in the comes out clean .-- Mrs.

(Copyright, 1920, by Mrs. Percy Duvail.)

Ever since the publication of the

"Comedie Humaine," the novels of

Balzac have been criticised on the

ground that the great French ro-

mancer, a bourgeois by birth and

training, really knew nothing of

the "high society" which he so often depicts. The Holts are bring-ing out a book, "Women in the Life

disposes of this criticism by revealing Balzac's association with various women of the highest social standing. The author, Miss Juanita Floyd, of

Balzac," which once and for all

BOOKS

teaspoonful cinnamon

while,-Miss Alice D. Duvasa

teaspoonful salt.

teaspoonful mace

1 teaspoonful cloves

your scrap book.)

eggs well beaten. 6 tablespoonfuls suger.

-Mrs. Charles Duvall.

% cup sugar.

3 eggs.

1 qt. milk

6 eggs

props from under me.

"And I have no intention of

other line-the one in the song-

"I'm very glad," he interrupted.

Mr. Saunders."

leaving."

in speaking for her ear alone.
"We've been about a lot, Clare; you're the only woman I ever cared for, and I know you care for me. getting married tonight."

Clare Conway looked up at the man with eyes that began to fill. "I've always hoped you'd ask me that, Peter, my dear." It was no very simple matter to

hunt up a justice of the peace and turn their plans into actuality, but nothing is impossible in the mod-ern city. Peter and Clare, with little of this world's goods to bless them, came away from the frame home of the justice man and wife. It was strange but true that they both felt stronger, better able to meet the eventualities of life than when they went into the little sit-ting room. They had been through much together. Henceforth they were to know that only death or folly could separate them, and as they stood waiting for a trolley, hand in hand, they realized that the line written at the bottom of the chance photograph was the line

they must cleave to. Peter's faith in Darley did not bring him surcease from the haunting feeling that the police were after him, and Clare and he knew enough of the possibilities of tele-graph and telephone to realize that t was only a matter of time when they must be caught.

And this, time it would be not only himself but Clare who would have to enter the walls of a prison if they were convicted. STOVER IS NASTY.

"It's strange," said the girl, "that we haven't had a word from the "Not very strange when they

don't know where we are," said "That's so. I never recalled that. Do you think we'd better write and

'Unless I'm mistaken,' said Peter. "Mr. Danley will stand by us, but I don't want to put him in the posttion of having to do it. I suppose the best thing all around is to go back to the city and face the music And that was what they did. Rather a sad homecoming for them. Both showed the strain under which

"There's one thing," said Clare, raising her left hand, "that'll sur-"Yes," said Peter, as his eyes

rested on the gold circlet, "we've beat them out, didn't we?"

They found lodging in a small hotel and the following morning Peter, with a sinking heart, called Mr. Darley on the telephone.

"Hello, Peter," cried that gentle-man, "where are you? We've been waiting to hear for a week." "I'm wondering," said Peter, "if you can tell me just how the case

"I think it's coming out all right." said Darley a little brusquely; "I'll nasty, but I've found a way to settle him. Where are you?" And Peter gave him the address.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

#### How to Keep Recipes From the Mel-Hubby Home

at the West Side branch of the Young Women's Christian Association in Chicago. Its curriculum is calling a course in "trousseau suggestions and home management." but that's only camouflage. It should be "practical methods of holding a husband and keeping him

Miss Enid Aubrey, educational director, in charge of the work, admits "it is a course designed to help the bride keep her husband home

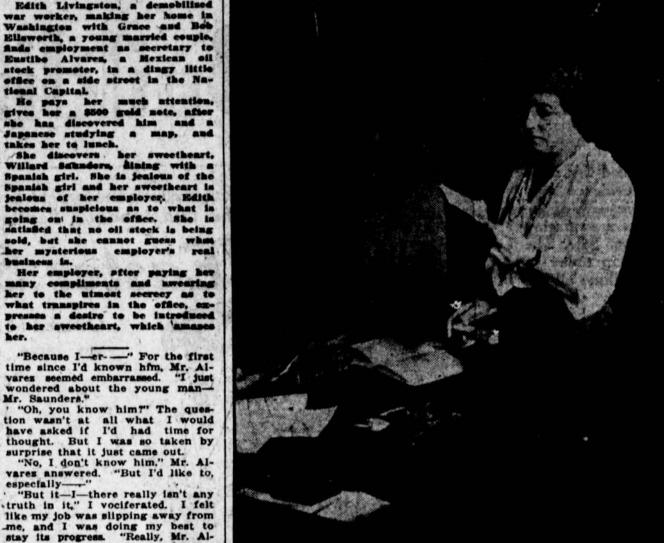
nights." First of all, wifey-to-be will be taught the old familiar road to hub-by's heart-mastering a variety of menus and learning attractive methods of serving meals.

Secondly, she will be guided past the reefs of extravagance—one of the leading causes of divorce—by being instructed in how to make a family budget, how to buy wisely, and how to bring home the "bacon"

with the highest calorific content. Thirdly, she will be taught to look like the girl on the magazine cover when hubby sees her across the breakfast table. A course in home beauty does wonders! She will be taught to make all manner of attractive dresses, scarfs, blouses and lingerie without even straining

But wait! Here's the punch! Should the male still be restless. Friend Wife may full him into con-tentment with her chummy conversation. She is to be taught the art of conversation and story telling.

## The Hundred Dollar Question



I RECOGNIZED HER AT ONCE. THOSE BIG BLACK PIERCING EYES-ONE DOESN'T FORGET THEM ONCE ONE HAS SEEN THEM.

each other a long time. We, really there nothing else—"
"I hope so," he interrupted in such proposed to me.
And I wonder even more what

tween Willard and me before he made any advances himself. Most men-from my rather unlimited experience-wouldn't take the trou-

strange that happened a day or two ago, and has helped to convince me that I am playing an unidentified part in some strange scheme, and which also has served to convince me that Willard does not really love me—as I once thought he did.

It's about that black-haired girl.

I know now who she is. She's somebody very important socially. And I know her name-her first name anyway. It's "Juanita." By all of which I suppose you will begin to think I'm a detective in disguise. But it didn't take any detective work to find out those things. The

This serial story has no name.

been printed, send in your suggestions for titles. The title must consist of

Story Written By

Copyright by The Washington Times.

information just fell into my hands, as it were. And there's something else, Mr.

Alvarez knows her too. I heard him talking to her over the phone. He called her "Juanita," and he said something to her about "it's probably being foolish to have her picture in the

Which brings me down to the

Not long after he had the tele-phone conversation Mr. Alvarez went out of the office. While he

his desk, as I have a way of doing when he doesn't lock it, to see if there are any papers to be filed, you know. Not that he had told me to. But men are so neglectful. They forget such things.

DISCOVERS PICTURE. Well, to get to the point. While I was looking through some papers in one of his more or less private drawers, I found the picture. You could have knocked me over with a grain of salt when I saw it. I recognized her at once! Those big black piercing eyes—one doesn't forget them once one has seen them. And that broad smile and those very even teeth. She looked exactly like she across the table talking to Willard at the hotel.

The name, which had been on the bottom of the picture, had-been cut off. But over the photograph was a line which said, "One of the younger women who is be-Washington diplomatic circles. Now I realise why Willard has treated me like he had. Why should he give any of his time to me—a poor but honest stenogra-pher and former war worker— when he can hob-nob around in

diplomatic circles?

If he truly loved me it would make no difference. My humble po-sition would not stand in the way. But where is true love? In the words of the wise old bird, "Echo

where is the man who will not turn from poverty to riches-from numble surroundings to social prestige? Where is the man whose heart action is not surely guided by his head?
To all of which questions I an-

swer that you won't find him anywhere for there "isn't any such ani-

WOMAN TO BLAME.

And to think how I used to trust men. How I used to believe every word Willard told me. Youth and its blind trust is a wonderful thing. With age comes disillusionment. But I had not thought it would be

more than I can bear.

I am resigned to my lot. I will not fight for my rights. If she wants Willard and Willard wants her, why, I'll say, "go to it." I wouldn't stand in the way of Willard's advancement. I—I started to say I love him too much for that. But that isn't what I meant to say at all. What I meant to say is that I have too much pride. Even if I still loved him-which I don't-nothing could make me try to win back his love when I knew that it had been given to another—even a blackhaired debutante.

And I shall tell Willard as much when I see him tomorrow night. Yes; I intend to see him. I don't see how I could do otherwise in view of the very urgent telegram I received from him.

"Must see you as soon as I reach town," he wired. "Very important."
What may seem important to him may not seem quite so important to me. He perhaps wants to tell me that he loves another and that our engagement is broken. As though I didn't know it. I've broken it long ago. He will have all kinds of apologies to make. And he'll perhaps say that it's him so mean that he's turned else-where for consolation. Since Adam's day men have had a way of making the woman feel that she really is

to blame for everything.

It's barely possible that he will come eating "humble pie." It's barely possible he has realized that what he thought was love for this other girl has merely been infatuation. And that now he is ready to

return to me.
If so, should I take him back? I don't think I should. And besides, I'm not so sure that what I feel for Mr. Alvarez is simply infatuation. I'm afraid it's something quite a bit stronger. It isn't what I have felt for Willard. But then, I can't be was really love. It's so hard to dis-tinguish, if you get what I mean.

#### At the Dinner Table Where Do You STEER THE CONVERSATION?

the intelligent conversation of re-fined people sitting about a daintily appointed dinner table.

Sometimes the woman who has planned such a dinner considers it sufficiently a success when her detailed arrangements as to guests, food, and service are worked out, into good channels and encourages everybody present to contribute something to it she has missed a principal part of the achievement which might have been hers.

are particularly amenable to the demands of good task, for there is a feeling of comradeship and free-dom tempered with delicacy and restraint which prompts each to enter into the talk but not to mo-nopolize it to the exclusion of the rest

tion at table naturally varies with

#### Is Marriage a Success? A WORTH-WHILE GIRL.

There are plenty of girls who care for other things besides dress and a good showing. Personally, don't care a thing for the showing. As to the dress, all I desire is to look nice and neat. I would rather spend the evening at home than at a theater or some other public place, although I do enjoy an occasional outing. I may also add that I do not dance. I am considered attractive, and I have a the proverbial angel of goodness, but I am no prude.

I have wondered many times; myself, if true love could be found. What think you, now, Mr. Lonesome? Is there not one worth-while girl in the world? EVANGELINE.

WHAT SHALL SHE DO! I have the same ideas "A .Dreamer" has and I am still wondering if there are any real men. I never have had the opportunity to meet very many as I do not care for dancing and all of my girl friends have settled down and married. The few that I met and liked turned out to be the wrong kind. It surely is a true saying that the girls that try to be good and respectable al-ways get left in the end. I have become so lonesome in the past five months that I am desperate. Now please tell me what am I going to

## Prize Cake Recipes

Washington's Best Submitted in Times Cake Contest. Clip Them.

CHOCOLATE CAKE, 14 cup of sugar.

1 teaspoonful vanilla. Boil the chocolate and coffee extract together, remove from fire when dissolved, and stir the butter and sugar in. FILLING.

1/2 pkg. sweet chocolate. pound butter. tablespoonfuls sugar. tablespoonfuls coffee extract.

Stir the eggs and sugar up together for ten minutes, put the flour in and white of 4 eggs last. Nickel, \$29 Rock Creek Church

BOSTON FRUIT COOKIES. 1 cup butter

1 1/2 cups sugar

3 eggs

11/2 cups seeded raisins, chopped

1/2 teaspoon soda dissolved in a little hot water. 14 nutmeg teaspoons cinnamon.
teaspoon cloves.

Beat the eggs well, add sugar and melted butter and beat well. Add spices and raisins and soda and flour and stir well; drop on but-tered tins. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

-Mrs. Charles Percy Ott, 3236 Thirteenth street northwest.



Thas been said that nothing more fully typifies the triumph of civilization over barbarism than the intelligent conversation of remed people sitting about a daintily pointed dinner table.

Sometimes the woman who has anned such a dinner considers it unpleasant, the directly personal,

There is no reason why the average family should not talk of the wong ders of science or the beauties of nature or art, or the ideals of statesmen, and the mother who uses patience and tact in introducing such subjects at her family dinner table will soon be rewarded with a re sponsive interest on the part of the

AVOID CERTAIN DISCUSSIONS. An advantage in talking about matters of broad general interest is that argument and consequent fric-tion are avoided. It is seldom safe to let a discussion of religious be-liefs or partisan politics take place liefs or partisan politics take place at dinger, because there is too much likelihood of intense feeling on somebody's part. And that would not only endanger the digestion of the one who became excited, but would disturb the agreeable quality which should characterize all table talk.

To encourage children to tell amusing anecdotes at table develops the streytilling facility so that in

the story-telling faculty so that in later life it may be exercised with easy grace. And so, whether she have guests or merely the members of her own family, the woman who presides over the dinner table can make effective use of her feminine tact in taking a firm but gentle control of the general movement of the

### Advice to Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax. SHOW IT TO MOTHER, DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am sixteen. Last year a boy I cared a great deal for enlisted in the army. He was seventeen. About he wrote me a letter and my mother wouldn't let me answer it. I would like to answer his first letter.

Miss Fairfax, do you see any
harm in my answering a boy's let-

ter even if I am only 16.
BROWN EYES. Comradeship letters between girls

and boys of sixteen are a good thing for both. Such letters may be read by the whole family with pleasure and interest. "Mushy" letters are not so desirable, eithe.

for the girl or the family.

Why not write the boy a friendly

and interesting letter, giving him the latest news of his friends and neighborhood, show it to your mother, and ask what her objection would be to such a letter. I'm sure she could have none. It he's a wise young man, he will write you a similar letter, then show it to mother. She'll probably want to e of his new life. Mother do not like secrecy in daughters of

DEADLY DULL.

TO MRS. SINCERE:
Yes, dear lady, there is an honest-to-goodness Beatrice Fairfax, and she wears skirts, too. Your case is just like all the others that come to me of the girl mar-

rying at too tender an age to know what it is all about. I am glad you are keeping your self-respect by making your own way in the world.

And I am glad you have met some one with whom you believe you could be happy. I, too, hope that fate will be kind to you.

You make the statement that you

agree on everything. Don't get the idea into your head that you will always agree on everything. You probably agree on everything that that has come up thus far in your acquaintance. It would be deadly dull living with some one with whom you always agreed.

BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

NOT A MATTER OF PROPRIETY. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

How often is it proper for an engaged man to call on his lady friend? Should you think from four to five times a week is suffi-

cient for him to call?

"A READER."

It is not a mater of being proper, it is a matter of how much time the young lady wants to give you and how much time you want to give her.

# IF BACK HURTS

Take a glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys if bladder bothers

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish; clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablaspoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone: makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease.

#### Seeing Through Little Moons An ADITORIAL THE French call spec-\ Quality of glass, ex-

tacles "lunettes." This means literally "little moons." The name is derived from the round shape of the lenses. Shape, however, is often the least important consideration in glasses.

actness of grinding and precise mounting are vitally essential. Our expert eye and lens specialists are eminently qualified to interpret aright your eyes' appeals for aid and to give

Avoid acute eye troubles by referring first symptoms to us for examination promptly.

G Street

Goucher College, Baltimore, has devoted years to the study of Balzac's life, and in her careful and remarkably documented book has added so much to our knowledge of the love affairs of this famous novelist that her volume will be practically in-dispensable to the readers of his works. The book is full of illustra-tions, including a miniature of Bal-zac's wife never before published, and here produced by special per-mission of J. P. Morgan, in whose collection the original now is.

a funny way that I wondered if he were getting ready to propose to me himself. But he didn't not yet. And I wonder what he meant, and why he wants to meet Willard. Can it be that he—this wealthy man, this wonderful Adonts-loves little me. One minute I'm hoping he does. And the next minute, I'm afraid he doesn't. It's the most curious kind of mixed sensation I have. I wonder what I should say if he

Willard will say when he meets him. While Willard—well, of course he understands quite clearly But you know how it is. When man's once been engaged to a to a girl he doesn't especially relish turning her over to some other man. to want to meet Willard. And it was terribly decent of him to try to find out just how things were be-

Take Willard, for instance, I'll wages a pretty sum that he didn't try to find out whether that black-haired girl he had out to dinner was engaged or anything, before he ask-ed her to go out with him. Which reminds me of something very

The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person who submits the best title. Read the story every day in The Washington Times and, when the last instalment has

three words or less.

Winnie Davis Freeman

course then I had no idea he was until after I saw the picture that

source of my knowledge. It was after I had heard Mr. Alvarez talking to her over the phone. Of talking to the same girl I had seen Willard with. It was not

THE TOONERVILLE THAT MEETS ALL THE TRAINS-

